

Risky Business

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Risky Business

by [venus43](#)

Summary

Dream's been focused on editing for days, and after a while not even a stream can stop George from getting what he wants.

Notes

Hi !! saw a prompt for this on twitter and i just had to write it, hope you enjoy!! and as always, if the cc involved ever state that they're uncomfortable with these types of works then i wont hesitate to take this down !!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

George knows that he's being annoying.

And he knows that when Dream eventually gives in and humours him he won't be nice (with the way George has been acting for the past few days he definitely wouldn't deserve it).

Every few seconds he's been pulling on Dream's t-shirt, trying to distract him from the video that desperately needs editing, in favour of receiving a blowjob or having George jerk him off until he's satisfied, and normally that would work.

There have been times where Dream can't help but to give into George during the times where he's acting needy and doing his best to come across as completely irresistible. And usually it doesn't even take much, all George has to do is huff and whine a bit and Dream will melt in his hands, ready to do whatever George asks.

So when Dream suddenly decides that his new video is more important than him, he's more than surprised.

"Dream," George pouts, sitting cross-legged on their bed with his eyebrows furrowed, "*Dream.*"

"Not now George," Dream says, his eyes fixed to his computer screen as he fiddles with the final touches on his monitor.

He's been sat there for hours now, persistent on finishing this video so he can go live without feeling as though there's a weight on his shoulders and George has had more than enough, because really, is editing more important than his needs?

George has been hard for a while too, having to rut against a pillow for a while in the hopes of making Dream give in but nothing seems to be working. And even minutes later, when Dream finishes the video and clicks off all the tabs, he just pulls up another, ignoring George and opening twitch.

"*Dream,*" He whines again, frowning, "Come make out with me."

Dream frowns, "I've told you; I'm busy."

"Please," He begs – the look in his eyes something that's normally impossible to say no to.

"I'm about to stream," Dream tells him, turning so he can face his boyfriend and George just gives him a little smile.

"And I want you to fuck me," he complains, "You've been working so hard for days, come let off some steam Dreamie."

George can pinpoint the exact moment that Dream gets an idea, mischief flashing through green, determined eyes, and he doesn't know whether or not he should be afraid of whatever devious plan the other has come up with. Dream doesn't say anything either, only gesturing for George to stand, which he does without complaint.

He gets onto his feet hesitantly, wandering towards the other and questioning if Dream has finally given in. But Dream hasn't tried to turn off his PC, making George doubt himself for a second, standing awkwardly with his cock, half hard and his hair tousled from lying on the bed.

"Take your pants off then," Dream instructs, gesturing towards George's legs, and it'd almost be welcomed if it weren't for how dangerous the younger looks right now.

Staring dumbly at the monitor, George doesn't make a move. His hands stay nestled into the pocket of his hoodie as his eyes flicker over the twitch logo, confusion flooding through his mind because why hasn't Dream closed the tab yet?

Sat on his chair, Dream refuses to offer any explanation, only gesturing for George to do as he asks, which he ends up doing without any real protest – tugging his sweatpants down past his legs and then kicking them to the side.

He stands awkwardly, wondering if he should take off the hoodie too, but Dream doesn't seem to

want him too. There's a bottle of lube on the desk, impossible to miss with how awkwardly it stands out alongside the black of Dream's keyboard and the glare of the screen, and George wants to ask if he'll get up so they can go to the bed or if Dream's actually going to stay there the whole time.

Slowly, Dream reaches forwards, grabbing the bottle and throwing it towards George, who only just catches it against his chest.

"You remember your colors?" Dream asks, letting unbothered eyes run over George's legs.

"Red, amber, green?" George questions. He toys with the bottle cap, looking at the other while unclear on what comes next, but Dream just nods, leaning back in his seat slightly.

"Yeah," He says, resting his elbow on the desk and turning his chair so his body is fully facing George's. He lets the tips of his fingers run over his face, brushing over his lip and stopping just at the side – barely propping up his face. "Stretch yourself then," Dream continues.

George frowns, "Here?"

Dream nods.

"You aren't going to help me?" He asks, feeling his face visibly drop when Dream laughs and shakes his head. "Well do I go to the bed or what? Do you just want me to do it here?"

"I don't care," Dream shrugs, "You could bend over and spread yourself if you want or you can sit in my lap, just get on with it."

Frowning, George moves to drag down his boxers, feeling the cool air hit his cock and letting them drop down to his feet so he can step out of them. For a millisecond he debates what'd be easiest, whether or not he should move back to the bed and try not to take too long in case Dream finds some other video that needs editing in the meantime.

Hesitantly, George decides to clamber onto Dream's lap, his thighs bracketing Dream's and their heads almost at the same level with George slightly higher up. Dream makes no attempt to help him out, keeping one of his hands on the desk, and turning the chair slightly so that George's back touches the edge, and he's turned away from the monitor completely.

George doesn't know whether he's meant to wait for something, or if Dream wants to take off his sweatpants so he doesn't get lube on them, but when he's met with no directions George figures he should just start.

He pops open the cap of the bottle, squeezing a generous amount of lube onto his fingers, and it's cold but George continues until his fingers are wet and slippery because he knows he'll need it. He looks down at Dream, trying to find out how he's feeling, but Dream is practically staring past him, leaning fully back against his seat with raised eyebrows.

He places the bottle on the desk just next to the mouse, inhaling softly with his breath fanning out thinly and his hand moves downwards, behind him and between his legs. His fingers scrape over his rim, angle slightly uncomfortable for his wrist but it's only incentive for him to do this as quick possible – so Dream can finally just fuck him.

His fingers shake slightly, and his face twists up because Dream isn't helping him at all, his hands aren't underneath George's hoodie, and he's not giving him the attention he'd been asking for even after all this time.

“George,” Dream says, ripping him out of his thoughts, “You okay? Color?”

George frowns, because this may be strange but he’s not uncomfortable. He’ll work to get Dream’s attention if he has to, put on the best show so that Dream has no choice but to watch along in awe. “Green,” He says, licking his lips, “Now shut up so I can do what you asked me to.”

He watches Dream scoff, shaking his head in amusement and letting a faint smile ghost over his lips. George’s finger presses down harder against his hole and he braces himself, using one hand to rest on Dream’s thigh to keep himself steady.

George’s eyes close involuntarily, pushing the first finger in and his whole body reacts to the intrusion, clenching down with his muscles contracting harshly. “Fuck,” He hisses, doing his best to relax and push his finger in completely.

Doing this to himself is never going to be as good as when Dream does it, it’s not something he wants to do often, the angle is slightly awkward and his fingers are smaller than Dream’s, they won’t stretch him out as good and he never has the stamina to fuck himself that quickly, to ruthlessly nail his prostate in the way that Dream does.

Eventually, he gets used to the sensation, moving his finger in and out, and it feels good, but it’s nothing too special, and sometimes the feeling of something being in him is slightly strange, though he thrusts the first finger steadily until he’s used to it.

George shudders, slowly pulling the first finger out so he can replace it with two, and two fingers feels like so much more immediately, the stretch burning and it’s hard for him to not make a sound anymore.

He feels two hands move to touch his waist. Dream’s hands bunching up the material of his hoodie so that they can slide underneath and keep George stable as he tenses from trying to fuck himself like this, and yeah, that’s the Dream he knows.

Even when he’s trying to act as though he’s in charge he can’t help but to keep his touches light and forget whatever he had been threatening as soon as he looks up at George and remembers that this is his boyfriend, *his*.

He holds onto George’s waist as George fucks himself on two fingers, scissoring them out to get himself ready and after a moment, he crooks his fingers again, feeling his jaw go slack because *fuck* that feels good.

He’s panting slightly, his hips moving down at the same time as his fingers so he can find a better angle and he presses repeatedly against his prostate, almost trembling at the stimulation. He’s hard, that’s irrefutable, and his cock twitches every time that Dream’s hold on him gets tighter.

He can feel his cock press up against his stomach, moving with him and likely ruining the inside of his hoodie by leaking pre-cum over the material on the inside. And once George feels comfortable enough with two fingers, he starts to nudge in a third.

His fingers are still wet, pushing into him slowly and bringing along a surge of pleasure, and at the pit of his stomach he can feel something building up, and he’s not going to cum, this isn’t enough, but he feels so good anyway. George’s hips move more frantically, trying to take more of his fingers to feel even better, and he’s breathing so helplessly, desperate to get Dream’s cock in him at last.

He can feel his muscles tighten around his fingers, and his body jerks slightly, almost making him

topple over but Dream keeps him in place, leaving George to stretch himself out without the fear of falling.

George groans, focusing on fucking himself exactly the way he likes it, and he doesn't even know if Dream is watching him or not because his eyes are squeezed shut and he's too focused on how good he feels to check.

After a moment, George leans back even further, letting his back arch temporarily before his fingers slip out, leaving his muscles to clench around nothing. He feels so empty now, open and desperate and he can barely find it in him to resist when Dream pulls him up so that their chests are pressed against each other.

He feels Dream shuffle forwards, dragging the chair with him, and his hands move around George's body to settle on his keyboard and mouse.

"What are you doing?" George asks, slightly slurred with his head turning to look on its own accord.

"I'm going to stream," Dream says, "I haven't really done that in a while."

George's expression is obvious, confusion tainting his features, and he watches dumbfounded as Dream clicks onto his profile, hovering over the 'go live' button.

"But we're having sex," George tries to tell him, and Dream moves them both so that he can look directly into his eyes.

"And you've been trying to keep me from my work for days." Dream smiles, cocky and daring as though he's been waiting for this moment forever, "So if you really want it that bad then you can sit on my cock until I'm done and then I'll fuck you exactly how you want me to."

"But you'll be streaming," George breathes, his voice dropping an octave, "What if people hear?"

"If you're scared about it you can say no," Dream shrugs, "Just know I'm not fucking you until after I edit my next video."

A whine escapes George's lips before he can stop it, his hands coming up to tug on Dream's shirt and pull him closer. "*But Dream,*" He complains, burying his face in Dream's neck to try and earn some sympathy points, "I need it so bad."

Dream laughs, pulling George away so they're face to face. "I've given you your options."

George is hard. His cock is red and aching and he needs something in him now or he thinks he might go insane, he's so, so desperate and after so long having Dream inside of him again would be worth it no matter what. There's still a part of his brain that wonders if this is a good idea. It's risky, one wrong move and he could be moaning on Dream's lap while hundreds of thousands of people hear him, and even if he's horny, he knows that that would be bad.

"What if people notice?" He asks quietly, feeling his hips roll against Dream's without him being able to stop them.

"You won't let them," Dream assures him, "You just have to sit there and be quiet."

His confliction is displayed across his face, and he can feel Dream's fingers brush away the little strand of hair that's falling down in front of his eyes.

Softer this time, Dream speaks, “You can say no. I’ll understand.”

He can’t say no though. He needs Dream so badly and he’s needed him for so long now, it may be risky but for some reason he doesn’t mind it that much, in fact the idea of George sitting on Dream’s cock while he streams makes him even harder.

The thought that no one would even know that his boyfriend is currently in the process of fucking him while he talks into his mic is exhilarating, and George can’t stop thinking about the blush that’d adorn Dream’s face if George so much as lifted his hips and dropped back down while he was speaking – the embarrassment it’d cause.

“Yes,” George whispers. His hands move to grab the bottom of his hoodie, lifting the material up to show off his cock and the way his thighs spread out when he’s sat on Dream’s lap. He’s putting on a show, seeing Dream’s eyes travel down to the flushed tip of his cock and he wiggles his hips slightly, just to get a reaction. “I’ll do it.”

Dream smiles, his hands on George’s waist and a look in his eyes as though he wants to devour him. George can feel himself be pulled back slightly, his back barely touching the desk and Dream tugs on the top of his sweatpants, looking up at George as though he’s expecting something.

Slowly, George reaches forwards, pulling the waistband of Dream’s pants down to let his cock spring free, and *fuck*, apparently Dream had decided that today wasn’t going to be an underwear type of day.

He wraps a hand around Dream, taking the bottle of lube off of the desk with the other and clumsily trying to take the top off. Instead of tipping it into his palm, George lets the contents of the bottle drop down onto Dream’s dick, making him flinch under him.

“That’s fucking cold!” Dream gasps, trying not to bump the giggling George up off of his lap. “Idiot.”

George, trying not to spill the lube onto the chair too, places it back onto the desk once he’s done with it, ignoring Dream and using the wetness to guide his hand up and down Dream’s cock, stroking him slowly just to get him fully hard.

“I can’t believe you chose now to stream,” George mutters, pulling his hand away once he sees Dream close his eyes in pleasure.

Dream rolls his eyes, “Stop complaining,” he says lightly, and George sticks his tongue out as a final ‘fuck you’.

He grips the base, lifting his hips up to try and align himself with the tip. The angle is awkward, he has to lean back to get Dream slotted in the right place, and his legs are in a slightly uncomfortable position that he isn’t sure he’ll be able to maintain.

He can feel the head of Dream’s cock catching on his rim, the stretch seeming dangerously much, and George feels as though he hasn’t felt this in forever, the way Dream’s cock twitches and threatens to push in with every passing second.

George sinks down slowly. He’s being stretched out so much, far more than what his fingers could do, and it’s slightly painful, stinging him and making his face twist up, but he continues anyway with one hand on Dream’s shoulder.

His guts tighten with lust. Dream is so big inside of him, and he’s missed this, the days without having Dream had felt so long and now he finally has it back and he doesn’t want it to stop. He

probably has one of the biggest cocks that George has ever taken, perhaps not the longest, but he's thick, stretching George out and filling him up completely.

The muscles in his legs keep tensing and untensing, and the way he has to awkwardly lean back to accommodate the space they're in is slightly uncomfortable.

It takes him a while to fully sit down, Dream's hands holding onto his waist to help him out, and the fact that he'll just have to sit here on Dream's cock until he's finished streaming is only just hitting him. "Fuck," George breathes once Dream is finally fully in, "*Fuck*."

"There you go," Dream soothes, "So tight Georgie."

He squeezes George's waist fleetingly, waiting for ease to show up on the others face then pulling him a bit closer, making George's back bend so he can attempt to place his head in the crook of Dream's neck. His knees are tucked up slightly, hands grabbing onto Dream's shoulders, and trying not to move is already difficult.

"Color?" Dream asks, playing with the bottom of George's hoodie while he waits.

Almost immediately, George tilts his head, looking up at him and saying. "Green."

"You still want me to stream?" Dream asks and as though he's trying to make George doubt his decision, he bucks his hips up, fucking into George a little to make sure he's pressed deep inside of him.

"Yes," George whimpers, quiet against Dream's skin, "Start please."

Dream has to push the chair forwards a bit to reach his keyboard, and the movement makes George whimper, and the realisation of how hard it's going to be to hide his noises once the stream has started only just hits him.

He focuses on keeping everything in, so much so that he barely even registers when Dream starts to welcome his viewers. Desperately, he tries not to think about how many people are watching right now, and how one slight move of his hips could give away the entire situation, and Dream must realise how cautious he's being because he snaps his hips up cruelly to see how George will react.

Instantly, George brings his hand to his face, slapping a palm over his mouth to muffle the sound that definitely slips out. Dream doesn't pay him any attention, the smirk on his lips probably present in his voice too, and George hates how smug he can be while George is ruining himself by sitting on his cock.

The first few minutes go by quickly, Dream introducing the stream and opening up Minecraft while George tries not to twitch in his lap. And at first George really thinks he'll be able to do this, that he'll never let another sound leave his lips, but almost immediately he's proved wrong.

"Fuck!" Dream exclaims, hitting his desk and bucking up into George at the same time, and it's hard to tell if he did it because he made a mistake in-game or he just wants to torture his boyfriend even more.

George tenses, biting down hard on his bottom lip and his forehead meets Dream's shoulder. He shakes his head, eyes already glassy to try and earn a few sympathy points, and it may have worked if it weren't for the way that Dream is ignoring him in favour of talking to his stream.

It's so much at once and to try and help himself out, George moves to grip his own cock underneath his hoodie. He isn't even sure that Dream notices it, and not to alert him, he keeps his

hand slow, teasing himself.

Against his ear, Dream hums and the sound helps George to stay rooted even though he's already on the verge of desperation. Time gets fuzzy, the minutes blurring together and after a while, just to make sure that George is okay, Dream glance's down.

He realises he's making things worse for himself too late, having to pull his hand off of his cock so he doesn't cum right then and there. He squirms in Dream's lap, hoping that he'll be the notice and he does, meeting the others eyes hesitantly.

He knows how he must look right now too, so desperate and pained and he doesn't even know if he'd be able to form words so he hopes that Dream can just tell what he's thinking. And out of impulse, Dream leans forwards, pressing the mute button and checking it twice to see it's fine to talk.

He glances down. "Color?"

"Green," George mumbles after a second, his words slurred and incoherent. "Finish streaming so you can fuck me."

Dream chuckles, leaning forwards to press the unmute button, and as soon as he does so George twitches in his lap, forcing a short groan out of Dream's mouth.

He notices the hard glare that Dream shoots him, and he smiles to himself because if Dream is wanting to have some fun with this then so should he.

He feels so full, constantly stretched and perfect and Dream is so big inside of him like this. George reaches a hand down against his stomach, unable to stop the little whimper that leaves his mouth when he feels the outline of Dream's cock from inside of him.

Only he can see the smirk on Dream's face in that moment, the way he glances down to check on how George is doing and then bucks his hips up to make his jaw go fully slack and his eyes roll back into his skull. He whines, loud this time, and Dream has to cough to try and muffle the sound.

Chat probably noticed, they could be spamming asking what the hell that noise was but George doesn't care, he's in his own world now, mind fuzzy and blank.

This is exactly what he needed, Dream's cock buried inside of him to make him feel good, and Dream may be frantically trying to pretend that the noise was just Patches meowing or him hitting his knee on his desk and getting hurt, but George feels too overwhelmed to notice.

All of his senses feel heightened, and his eyes water slightly from the lack of touch. He starts to move his hips weakly, touching his stomach where he can feel Dream inside of him and barely trying to hide the noises he's making. Before he knows it, hands come to grip at his waist, and his movements are being stopped by Dream, causing more tears to well up in his eyes as the pleasure goes back to the same dull ache.

He knows that people will be able to hear if he suddenly starts complaining, and he knows that he can't just ride Dream in the way he wants to, but he needs something before the feeling of Dream's cock becomes too much.

The desperation must be too much for Dream too because it only takes a few more seconds of George whining breathlessly for him to start trying to come up with an excuse to stop the stream.

"I think I'm going to end now," Dream says, slightly strained, "Yeah, *fuck*, hope you guys had

fun.”

George’s hips jerks when Dream leans forwards again, and he’s breathing hard and trying to angle his face away from the mic. He can hear the click of the mouse, Dream finally ending his stream and sending all of their viewers somewhere else, and he feels so floaty, hips stuttering of their own accord.

Relief floods through his body when he realises that he’ll finally get what he wants, and the tears that have been threatening to spill finally fall from his eyes, his hands twitching and grabbing at anything they can.

“You okay?” Dream says once he flicks the monitor off, pressing on his PC to shut it down too. He pushes his chair back and places his hands on George’s waist.

George whimpers, nodding slightly, and he can’t ask for what he wants, his mouth too dry and his eyes glazed over.

“So good,” Dream mutters, grinding up slowly into George to make him writhe, “So desperate you really sat and warmed my cock the whole time.”

He can’t even answer, little whimpers all he’s capable of saying at that moment, and his hips move against Dream’s pathetically. He’s crying, tears running down his cheeks and ruining his face and the little sniffles he lets out are so broken and quiet that they’re barely even audible.

“Pretty thing,” Dream soothes, using a hand to cup his face and he rubs his thumb on George’s cheek, catching the tears and smiling when it makes George’s eyes water even more. “All you want is for me to fuck you properly, right?”

Nodding desperately, George whines, and Dream follows it by snapping his hips up harshly. His stomach bulges with the outline of Dream’s cock and to show his boyfriend exactly what it looks like, George pulls up the bottom of his hoodie. After a moment Dream seems to notice, reaching a palm between their bodies to trace the spot and the touch is so dangerously close to George’s own cock that it makes him whimper.

“Color?” Dream asks, trying to pull him out of whatever fuzzy headspace he’s in. And it doesn’t work at first, George too far gone to respond.

Keeping his hips still, Dream waits a moment, his hand moving to rub circles into George’s side to try and bring him back. The contact makes George keen, completely slumped against Dream’s chest, and he lets out a pleased moan.

“Green,” He mumbles. His hands go to weakly grip Dream’s arms, “Fuck me please.”

Against his stomach, his cock drips pre-cum, and the incessant need for more has just become even worse. George’s legs may not even work, the way he’s been sitting causing all of his muscles to go numb, but that doesn’t stop him from tugging on his hoodie to bring it up and over his head.

His skin glistens with sweat, and he hisses when Dream tries to stand up and lean over him. His back touches the desk, and he can feel the keys from the keyboard digging into his skin before Dream pushes it to the side. The monitor is moved too, along with most of the items that Dream keeps next to it, a lot of them falling onto the floor and the others dangerously balancing on the edge.

“Ah,” George mewls, “Please.”

His back is bent awkwardly, Dream pushing him back and finding a new angle inside of him, and George is crying so hard now, so close to the edge that it's impossible to stop.

The first proper thrust knocks George's breath out of his lungs, and his hands flail in the air, gripping tight on Dream's arms once they've settled. The pace Dream sets is violent and brutal and it's not just for George's pleasure, it's for his too.

"So needy," Dream mutters, snapping his hips forwards, "Always wanting my cock, you can never just wait, can you?"

George's moans turn to screams, Dream's name bouncing off the walls and coming out in gasps after a particularly hard thrust. He's been on the edge for so long, so dangerously close that he doesn't know if he can last for much longer.

Dream's cock twitches inside of him and George has never felt pleasure like this, pleasure so agonising but so overwhelmingly good.

"Fuck," He whines, "Dream, Dream I'm close."

"Yeah," Dream mumbles, almost as breathless as George is, "Yeah, you want to cum for me?"

He's fucking George so good, hard and deep and the sound of skin slapping against skin is loud and obnoxious. He isn't expecting it when Dream's hand wraps around his cock so the scream that leaves his lips is ear-piercing.

George probably looks ruined, and it makes him even harder when he realises that Dream is getting off on that. Pre-cum falls onto Dream's fingers, coating his knuckles and making the slide of his hand on George's cock easier.

Salty tears fall down into George's mouth while Dream makes sure to pump his cock to the rhythm of his thrusts, making George's body tremble and shake. Every few seconds, his hips jerk up involuntarily and he can feel the arousal in the pit of his stomach bubble up until he can't take it anymore.

"Dream" George moans, legs trembling as he cums hard between their bodies, ruining Dream's shirt with his sweat and arousal. Pleasure courses through him in waves, his whole-body twitching and refusing to stay still as darkness washes over him before his mind finally catches up and drags him down.

It's so good, every nerve in his body feeling as though they're on fire and Dream carries on fucking him, watching his face until he cums too. The feeling of him spilling deep into his body is so good, George's mouth hanging open as Dream's hips stutter and press against him.

"Fuck," Dream groans, leaning down to catch his lips in a kiss, and it's not heated – like George would expect – it's slow and sweet and pulls him back to reality.

Sensitivity floods through his body, and it's not long before Georg is drawing away and asking Dream to take it out. Cum drips down the backs of his thighs, painting them white until it's slightly uncomfortable and odd to feel but he's too tired to do anything about it.

The post orgasm bliss makes him feel woozy, eyes drooping and struggling to stay open. His breath still hasn't caught up to him as well, Dream pulling their foreheads together as they wait it out.

Hot breath ghosts over George's lips, and they're both so close to falling asleep while still awkwardly placed on the desk.

“C’mom,” Dream mutters, “Let’s clean you up.”

George slings his hands around his neck, “Only if you promise to carry me.”

And it makes Dream laugh, tucking himself back into his pants with a smile, “Of course.”

End Notes

comments/kudos are always so appreciated

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